

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 62.—No. 4.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1884.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY NEXT,
at Eight o'clock. Artists: M^{me} Carlotta Patti, Miss Mary Davies, Miss De Fonblanque, and M^{me} Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. Pianoforte—M. Vladimir de Pachmann. Violin—M^{me} Norman-Néruda. Mr Venables' Choir. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d. Tickets, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., of Austin, St James's Hall; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—The BALLAD CONCERT PROGRAMME will include the following Songs: "Caro nome," "Swinging," "Colin's love-letter," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "My Queen," "Come live with me and be my love," "For ever and for ever," "Fair is my love," "The Arctura," "The Old Soldier," &c. Solos on the Pianoforte and Violin by M. Vladimir de Pachmann and M^{me} Norman-Néruda. Tickets of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

M^DME CARLOTTA PATTI,

MISS MARY DAVIES,

M^DME ANTOINETTE STERLING,

MISS DE FONBLANQUE,

MR EDWARD LLOYD,

MR SANTLEY,

MR MAYBRICK,

M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN,

M^DME NORMAN-NÉRUDA, at the BALLAD CONCERT, WEDNESDAY NEXT.

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March 4th, at 8 p.m.—At the COLLEGE ROOMS, W. DE MANBY SERGISON, Esq., will read a Paper on "Choir Training."

April 5th, at 8 p.m.—At the NEUMEYER HALL, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, F. J. SAWYER, Esq., Mus. Doc., will read a Paper on "Organists and Organ-Writers of the Nineteenth Century."

E. H. TURPIN,
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MR BRINLEY RICHARDS' PIANOFORTE RECITALS, with LECTURE ON ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC, Selections from Works of the Great Composers, 18th to 19th Cent., at the SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, Conduit Street, Regent Street, Jan. 31st; and at ST JOHN'S INSTITUTE, Kennington, S.E., in February.

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Examiners—Messrs E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., John Stainer, Mus. Doc., and Charles Steggall, Mus. Doc. (chairman).

For Bandmastership—Christopher Evans.

Examiners—Messrs J. B. Sawerthal, G. Tamplini, and Dan Godfrey (chairman).

For Violin—James Dunworth.

Examiners—Messrs A. Piatti, F. Ralph, P. Sainston (chairman).

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By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play at St James's Hall

on Tuesday Evening, the 29th inst., for the "London Literary and Artistic Society" (by special desire), her new "GAVOTTE" in D and "GIGUE" in G, which have been graciously accepted by the Queen and the Princess Louise; also a "GRAND GALOP DE CONCERT" by F. LISZT. One of Messrs Broadwood's Iron Concert Grands will be used on this occasion.

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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR RICHARD EVANS will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire) on Feb. 1, at the Concert given in the "Star and Garter," Richmond, for the benefit of the Richmond Hospital.

"THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG."

MIDLE AMERIS will sing "THE PRISONER'S LAST SONG." Words by Chedwick Tichbourne (A.D. 1586), Music by J. P. GOLDBERG, at Plymouth, Jan. 31.

"FLOWERS OF MEMORY."

MR HERBERT REEVES will introduce his admired Song, "FLOWERS OF MEMORY," in the opera of *Guy Mannering*, at two Matinées to be given at the Brighton Theatre, on February 13th and 16th.

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—Morning Post.

NEW MUSIC.

(Continued from page 35.)

Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co. have published an acceptable arrangement of Gounod's *Redemption* for pianoforte solo, the work of Berthold Tours. This form of the French composer's trilogy will be widely appreciated for home and personal use—the more because Mr Tours, while omitting nothing essential, has not crowded his pages so as to make them unplayable by the average amateur, who may sit down and become familiar with all of the *Redemption* that a pianoforte can convey. We should add that the book is one of a series already comprising arrangements of *Elijah*, *Messiah*, and five Masses by Mozart. Seven numbers from the *Redemption* have also been arranged for the organ by Dr G. C. Martin, of St Paul's Cathedral. They are the Creation, the Darkness, the March to Calvary, "Beside the Cross remaining," "From Thy love as a Father," "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," "Lovely appear," and the Hymn of the Apostles. These are, for organ purposes, the gems of the work, and Dr Martin has treated them all with due regard alike for their effect and for the genius of the instrument. The German edition of Mackenzie's *Colomba* has been issued by Messrs Novello. Its text is the work of Ernst Frank, who has discharged himself reasonably well of a difficult task. But the thing to observe here is the appearance in German of an English opera; and, coupling this with the recent production at Cologne of Mr Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*, it really seems as though England has begun to pay the musical debt she owes to Germany. We welcome a representative example of serious French music in Felicien David's *Desert*, now issued by the Berners Street house, with an English text by Mr Troutbeck. This will be a boon to choral societies, beyond whose average vocal means the music does not run, and who will scarcely find it difficult to obtain a reciter of the spoken verse. The *Desert* has been so long a classic in its way that words of recommendation are uncalled for. Enough that this is a cheap and excellent edition. The genuine curiosity and admiration of amateurs will do the rest. Messrs Novello have issued Vol. IV. of their Pianoforte Albums. It is largely devoted to gavottes, the old dance form which so many famous composers have rendered classical, and upon which modern favour has so largely been bestowed. The selection made by Mr Berthold Tours, as editor of the series, is at once liberal and choice. It contains twenty-five examples of the gavotte, by seventeen composers, from the long dead Corelli to the still living Benedict, Agnes Zimmermann, and Lady Thompson. Here let us add that the modern specimens compare by no means disadvantageously with those of older date, while in cases they show a desire to expand the form legitimately. The volume contains also twelve Minuets, four Bourrées, three Sarabandes, three Gigue, and a Courante. It is, therefore, a perfect treasure house of its kind, and we commend it as such to all pianists. Under the title of "Old Ireland," the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and Mr Berthold Tours have prepared a collection of ancient Irish melodies with words specially written. They are dedicated, by permission, to the Queen, and Mrs Craik tells us, in a short preface, that she found the airs some years ago in the Petrie Collection. The book is issued with a purpose—namely, to inspire the English heart with "a tenderer feeling towards Old Ireland," by dwelling upon the Irish people's "domestic purity, their strong affections, their inalienable loyalty, courage, and fidelity." We sympathise with Mrs Craik's object, and wish her success; but its attainment lies with Irishmen themselves, and will be reached when murder and outrage die away from the land—when sedition ceases to flourish, and attempts at "Justice to Ireland" no longer elicit a howl of hate and scorn. It is of small use to show us an idealised Irishman, while the actual person cuts out horses' tongues and skulls behind walls with homicide in his heart. This, however, has nothing to do with the artistic value of the collection before us. The melodies—six in number—are all characteristic and unmistakably Celtic; the words are good throughout, and we agree with the author of "John Halifax" that, by doing as little as possible in the way of accompaniment, Mr Tours has best performed the task entrusted to him. Students of national music will not refuse to give "Old Ireland" a place in their collection. By the generic name, "Albums of German Song," we are to understand a series of books, each devoted to a particular composer, and containing songs "selected and the words translated into English by Francis Hueffer." The first collection is devoted to Robert Franz, and contains thirty examples, all of which musical students will observe with interest and profit, as the works of a representative German. That such pieces will become popular we may hardly expect, for they are not English, and we have a favourite type of our own, such as it is. But connoisseurs are sure to welcome them. With the Franz book may be classed two others, containing respectively soprano and contralto songs by Schubert, with English words by Lady Macfarren. Here the simple name of the composer is enough. By his transcendent genius as a

song-writer Schubert overleaped all dividing barriers, and now speaks to the whole world as one whom every nation takes to its home and heart. The Schubert Songs cannot be too widely known, and it will be a fortunate day for English taste when they and their like begin to supersede the indescribable rubbish with which our middle-class portfolios are loaded. A second volume of "Original Tunes to Popular Hymns, for Use in Church and Home," by Joseph Barnby, is now before the public, at whose hands the first received considerable favour. It contains 119 examples, as to which amateurs will rightly assume that they present various degrees of merit. The wonder is to find so many good things in a form so far exhausted as that little can be said through it without repetition. Mr Barnby, however, has the gift of writing psalm-tunes adapted to modern taste, and seems able to go on exercising it *ad infinitum*. The present collection, apart from home use, will serve advantageously as a supplement in church, where the feeling of the melodies and the frequent richness of the harmony cannot fail to prove a welcome relief from a more severe style. An "O Salutaris Hostia," for baritone solo and pianoforte or organ, by Mr C. J. Hargitt, is a work somewhat in the Italian style, and distinguished, therefore, on the score of rhythmical, well balanced, and somewhat "secular" melody. The piece, which has been sung by Mr Santley, does Mr Hargitt great credit in its particular way, and has all the essentials of popularity. Another setting of the same words by Mr Leslie Crotty, also for baritone, and also sung by Mr Santley, is even more Italian and more pronounced in the matter of sensuous effect. It seems like a reflection of Rossini, whose *Sabat Mater* has influenced so many works connected with the Roman ritual. Mr Santley is likewise the singer of an "Ave Maria," composed by Joseph Lynde with an innate feeling for melody. The piece, in its modest way, is a good one, and even impressive—this is because the writer has entered into the spirit of the text, and illustrated it "out of the abundance of the heart." Mr Henry Gadsby has just made an addition to musical text-books in the form of a treatise on harmony, including the chords of the eleventh and thirteenth, and harmonisation of given melodies. This is no place for comparative criticism, nor even for the discussion of technical points as to which masters are far from agreed. But we may state that Mr Gadsby expounds his method with singular clearness, and in a carefully progressive manner, so that the student, finding nothing to baulk him, makes pleasant advance into the heart of a subject which many treatises of older date only serve to confuse. We do not hesitate to say that any intelligent person endowed with ordinary application may learn, without a master, very much of harmony from this little book, the merit of which warrants us in congratulating Mr Gadsby's pupils at the Guildhall School of Music, Stockwell Training College, and Queen's College, London, upon the advantages they enjoy in having such a professor.

Among the recent publications of Messrs Enoch & Sons are some new pieces for the dance, including the "Me voila" polka, by J. Meissler; the "Con Amore" waltz and "Longing Hearts" waltz, by O. Roeder; and the "Noisette" Waltz, by E. Andrew. The polka is a capital thing, decided as to rhythm, yet with a flexible melody, and quite easy of execution. Mr Roeder's first waltz is also good, as pleasant in hearing as it is acceptable for dancing; the second, founded on the melody of a well-known song, is less successful in one or two respects, but a welcome addition to dance music nevertheless, as is in even greater measure the "Noisette" of Mr Andrew. Messrs Enoch & Sons' new songs are many, and all by composers more or less well known and esteemed. Bucalossi's "Each to each," for a mezzo-soprano, is a simple thing that leaves much to the singer's expression of tender feeling. The same may be said of Roedel's "Down the old stream," and "No, thank you, Tom." In these cases there is no pretence of exalted music, but rather a desire to express in unaffected and unpretending strains sentiments that appeal to our common nature. Such songs are often sneered at. We do not join the sneerers, for even humble things of art have a mission which is beneficent and valuable. Mr Milton Wellings has written several songs in the list now before us. His "This is my dream" belongs to the category of those just noticed, and has the advantage of graceful verses by Mary Mark Lemon, which touch a keenly sympathetic chord. Wherever sung it will make its mark. "The Old Lock" strikes us as less meritorious, perhaps, because the idea of the verses is somewhat strained; but for any shortcoming here the same composer's "Vale of Tears," words by Clement Scott, makes amends. In this case the musician had a really powerful and poetic theme to inspire him, and the result is a tender and touching strain that cannot fail of being well received. This song ought to win much popularity. Three vocal duets by Edouard Dorn next claim attention. They are called respectively "Shepherdesses," "Sweet Bird of Eve," and "Distant Voices," and may be classed together by reason of their uniform

simplicity, the second voice nearly always moving in thirds or sixths with the first, attended by an easy accompaniment. These pleasant pieces are adapted for home use, coming, as they do, within the means of all. "Longing Hearts," by Leigh Kingsmill, has a pretty movement, *tempo di valse*, already utilised for dance purposes; other noteworthy songs in Messrs Enoch's list being Michael Watson's "Loved and Saved," a song of battle, founded on an actual occurrence; Henry Pontet's "Five o'clock Tea," a humorous ditty of the period; and F. N. Löhr's "Very Nearly," a piquant love story. Belonging to a higher class is "To the Immortals," composed by Miss R. F. Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and sung at the last Festival of the Three Choirs. In this song we note a high purpose and no little attainment. The music is not *ad captandum*, but inspired by artistic feeling, and we are more than justified by its merit in encouraging Miss Ellicott to persevere. She has something to say, and more perfect expression will wait upon experience.—D. T.

MUSICAL SKETCHES.

By H. E. D.

NO. 13.—SHAKSPEARE AS A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 38.)

We will now turn from the comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew* to the tragedy of *Hamlet*. In Act III., Scene 2, we find the following passage:—

"Re-enter PLAYERS, with recorders.*

HAMLET.—O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN.—O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAM.—I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL.—My lord, I cannot.

HAM.—I pray you.

GUIL.—Believe me, I cannot.

HAM.—I do beseech you.

GUIL.—I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM.—'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL.—But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM.—Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

Apart from the general character of this scene, there are two points worthy of our special notice. First, the expression, "from my lowest note to the top of my compass." This word *compass* is quite a professional term, and rarely used by unmusical persons in our day. Is it not probable that it was even more technical in its musical application in Shakspeare's time? The other expression is: "But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony." Some might object that if Shakspeare understood anything of music he would not use the word *harmony* in reference to the flute. How can you get *harmony* out of an instrument upon which you can only play one note at a time? But the word was doubtless used by many, two centuries ago, as synonymous with sweet sounds, melody, euphony, and not in the strict sense of the modern musical vocabulary.

I am, nevertheless, inclined to believe that Shakspeare *did* use it in our strict sense. Of course, in the passage quoted, the expression is put into the mouth of a confessedly unmusical character, whilst Hamlet himself commits no such blunder, for he uses the words, "eloquent music," "excellent voice," and "yet, cannot you make it speak," in reference to the instrument.

The only place that I recollect in which the word is misapplied (without the excuse of the intention of the author to so misapply it) is in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II., Scene 3:—

"Had he heard the heavenly *harmony* which that sweet *tongue* hath made." But this sanguinary play is declared by Malone, Chalmers, Knight, and later critics not to have been written by Shakspeare, and the most anybody seems to maintain is that it was "touched" by him.

* Recorder: a flute.

In this connection I would remark that I have been interested in noticing that Shakspeare in nearly every instance in which he uses the word *melody* employs it (as we do the word *warble*) in reference to the singing of birds; for example:—

"The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody."

(*Lucrece*, line 1,107.)

And the same circumstance occurs in the writings of his contemporaries.

To pass from the Plays to the Poems, we find amongst the *Sonnets* two of interest in our inquiry:—

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweet war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: "thou single wilt prove none."

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Shakspeare's Sonnets are divided into two series; the first, I, to CXXVI., being addressed to a young man, and the second, CXXVII. to CLIV., addressed to, or referring to, a woman. Professor Dowden, interpreting the natural sense they bear (which he is convinced is the true meaning of them), says:—"The young friend, whom Shakspeare loved with a fond idolatry, was beautiful, clever, rich in the gifts of fortune, of high rank. The woman was of staid character, false to her husband, the reverse of beautiful, dark-eyed, pale-faced, a musician, possessed of a strange power of attraction."

What a fine poetical definition of *harmony* is that in No. VIII.:—"the true concord of well-tuned sounds by unions married." However much we may differ as to whether Shakspeare understood the word *harmony* in our sense, we must all agree that he understood and appreciated as well as any of us that sweet condition and combination of sounds itself which the word now implies. As to this Sonnet as a whole, does it not read as if written to an unmusical friend by one who was sufficiently conscious of his own musical knowledge and taste to justify the gentle reproof therein administered?

With regard to CXXVIII., it is, I believe, the only direct reference to the virginals, spinet, harpsichord or clavichord in Shakspeare's works, though we find Leontes (*Winter's Tale*, Act I., Scene 2) remarking of his youthful son that he is

"Still virginal upon his palm."

i.e.: fidgeting with his fingers as if playing the virginals.

The "*jacks*" were the crow quill plectra. They were provided with little red flags which acted as dampers and danced up and down in a fascinating manner whilst the instrument was being played. In the words I have quoted on p. 37, "whilst she did call me rascal fiddler and twangling Jack," the reference is doubtless a quibbling one to the jack of a spinet.†

It is scarcely necessary to remark that by *chips* are implied the *keys*, which were in those days generally made of wood.

In the *Passionate Pilgrim* occurs the following:—

† "Be the *jacks* fair within, the jills fair without?"

Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Scene 1.

This is, of course, a quibbling allusion to the obsolete (almost extinct) vessel known otherwise as the "leather bottle,"—H. E. D.

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spencer to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes,
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

This part, however, of the *Passionate Pilgrim* is supposed by the best modern students of Shakspeare to be the production of Richard Barnfield. It certainly appeared in that writer's *Poems in Divers Humors*, published in the year 1598, and the *Passionate Pilgrim* itself is a collection of poems by several authors published in the following year by William Jaggard, the unscrupulous and piratical bookseller, who ascribed the whole to Shakspeare but afterwards cancelled the title-page on which the great poet's name appeared. Dowland, whose name is mentioned in the part quoted, was a popular lutenist in Shakspeare's time. Possibly Shakspeare received lessons from him! Certainly, if he played any musical instrument it must have been the lute, if one may judge from the number, and particularly the character, of the poet's allusions to it.

(To be continued.)

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

However the musical season just now beginning may turn out, it is certain that no event will surpass in general interest the celebration of Sir Julius Benedict's Concert Jubilee. In June next the veteran musician proposes to lay before the public his fiftieth benefit programme, and, to mark the occasion with proper distinction, he will give not one only, but two concerts, at the Royal Albert Hall, supported, we may confidently assume, by every artist of high rank for whom a place in the double scheme can be found. Much interest cannot fail to attend an event which is probably unique in musical annals. For ourselves, we cannot recall an instance of a professor giving fifty annual concerts in the same town. There are, no doubt, examples of an active career equally extended, though these are very few; but a precise parallel to the case of Sir Julius Benedict will be looked for in vain. The half century that has passed since Sir Julius made his first appeal to English amateurs covers an immense space in the history of modern music. Fifty years ago the art in this country concerned no more than a comparatively limited class, whereas now it may be called with emphasis the art of the people. In the interval music has been popularized, and knowledge of its theory and practice, its history and literature, has advanced with giant strides. To all this change Sir Julius Benedict is witness, having himself promoted it in the measure of his great talents and extraordinary energy. He may be regarded, therefore, as the representative of modern musical progress amongst us, and that the more fully and honourably because his own contribution thereto has taken every possible form. The labours of Sir Julius have been those of a composer, conductor, teacher, executive artist, *entrepreneur*, lecturer, and *littérateur*. In the course of the fifty years spent in England he has written an oratorio, operas, cantatas, symphonies, overtures, and smaller works to an extent that ranks him among the most prolific of creative musicians; as a *chef d'orchestre*, pianist, and accompanist he has been the most active of professors; as a teacher he can point to an army of pupils past and present; and still he has found time to discourse, with judgment and eloquence, both through the press and in the lecture-room, upon musical men and things. It follows that to take Sir Julius out of English musical life during the last five decades is to remove its most prominent and pervading figure. But the visible part of the veteran master's labours, however varied and imposing, is but a part after all. In reckoning up the claims of him who will hold high festival next June we must not overlook the influence for good privately exercised in many ways. Sir Julius has always been the

most accessible of men, and the readiest to bestow the benefit of his experience, the guidance of his wisdom, and the advantage of his advocacy upon any who seemed to deserve and to need such help. Thus it is that many an artist, both native and foreign, in some sort owes to him the position from which not alone the person directly benefitted, but also music-lovers generally, have derived benefit. In directing attention thus early to the contemplated "jubilee" next summer, we do not, therefore, attach undue importance to a personal claim. The man is, in his way, as unique as the event; and the musical public of the entire country will take care that both are honoured as they deserve.—D. T.

TREBELLI IN THE MESSIAH.

(From the New York "World.")

Handel's *Messiah* was given in a preliminary way recently at the Academy of Music by the Oratorio Society of New York. The soloists were Mrs E. J. Grant, soprano; Mr Ch. H. Thompson, tenor; Mr Max Heinrich, basso; and Mdme Trebelli, contralto. The feature of this performance, it is needless to say, was the appearance of Mdme Trebelli, whose reputation as an oratorio singer had preceded her, and who came for the first time before a New York audience in this capacity. Her first number, "O Thou that tellest good tidings," with its preceding recitative, gave the immense assemblage gathered in the Academy an acceptable taste of the singer's admirable qualifications for her task. In the enunciation, intonation, and phrasing of both recitative and *aria* she presented what may be accepted as the orthodox tradition. Her pronunciation of English was of that clear, unmistakable vowelled kind that one so seldom hears in our concert rooms, though so absolutely necessary in this high order of sacred music, where so much depends upon text and sentiment. In her phrasing, indeed, it would be difficult to suggest any improvement. So marked was her delivery with these excellences that the staid audience, not given to immoderate demonstrations, broke out when she had finished with enthusiastic plaudits. In the second *aria* for contralto—that delicious strain, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd"—Mdme Trebelli's cantilena style was superbly shown. If the former was distinguished by technical and rhetorical skill, this was marked by a depth and purity of feeling that won the strong sympathy of her listeners. Mdme Trebelli must henceforth rank among the best oratorio singers ever heard here, and it is to be hoped that Mr Abbey will consent to her reappearance on the concert stage, so that hundreds of music-lovers who do not patronize Italian opera may have the opportunity to judge of her abilities. The choruses were uniformly good, although the tenors were noticeably weak. Mdme Trebelli and Mr Heinrich followed the English custom, and lent their voices with hearty goodwill to the magnificent "Hallelujah," which was given with genuine fervour. Dr Damrosch, as usual, displayed a correct and scholarly knowledge of the work in hand.

LONDON TO THE RIVIERA.—In consequence of the success which has attended the recently-established Saturday through service from Calais to Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, Mentone, &c., the South-Eastern Railway Company have decided, in conjunction with the Northern of France and the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Companies and the Compagnie Internationale des Wagon Lits, to run a second similar weekly service each Wednesday, commencing on the 23rd inst.

MARIE ROZE AS CARMEN.—The success of Bizet's opera, with Mdme Marie Roze in the title rôle, has been something extraordinary, the demand for seats being so large that Mr Carl Rosa has decided upon playing *Carmen* to-night, on Wednesday, and Friday next. As far as we know, there is not a parallel on record in grand opera where the same opera has been repeated five times in less than two weeks, which is the present case with *Carmen*. Mdme Marie Roze, who may be said to have given *Carmen* a fresh lease of popularity, first performed this opera in San Francisco, in French, in 1878, and subsequently in Italian in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Montreal, and New Orleans with the greatest possible success. She first appeared as Carmen in England at Her Majesty's Opera, London, in 1879, and her performances in this opera were twice honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family. During the past five months Mdme Roze has been performing *Carmen* in the principal towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland with the Carl Rosa Opera Company with a success fully equal to that now attending its representation at the Court Theatre.—*Liverpool Daily Post*, Jan. 21.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 43.

(Continued from page 36.)

1802.

In the year 1783 the actors of the two London theatres (particularly those of Covent Garden) used a chophouse in Duke's Court, Bow Street, Covent Garden, called Jupp's, from the name of the man who then kept it. At this house (which was very respectable) there was every day in the week, Sundays excepted, an ordinary, or what is now called a *table d'hôte*, which being attended by theatrical performers, the elder Bannister, Lee Lewis, Dubellamy, &c., attracted many others, amongst whom was a gentleman of the legal profession, named A—n, nicknamed "the little lawyer." This person, who was in height about four feet six inches, had a stern, tiger-like countenance, finely carved by the small-pox; was dressed in black clothes; wore a brown forensic wig; and had an appetite which would not have disgraced a cormorant. This gentleman, who was almost a constant attendant at the dinner table, was overlooked one fast-day by Lee Lewis, who said to Bannister, sitting next to him, "What has become of the little lawyer? I don't see him here to-day."—"Oh," said Bannister, "you will find him behind that immense pile of salt fish opposite to you." Although the little lawyer was not then visible, his powers of deglutition were such, that in five minutes he had so far ate himself into sight that he could be identified as far downwards as the chin, which exhibited shining symptoms of the usual concomitant of egg-sauce having formed a part of the repast. Bannister, who was at all times ready with his *jeu de mot*, addressing the little lawyer, said, "I am happy, sir, to see you are safely returned from your travels in grease" (Greece). Dubellamy, another of the party, was a favourite singer of that day; he had a clear and sweet tenor voice; was of a dissatisfied and fretful temper; and, like most of the actors, whenever he obtained more than common applause, thought he was entitled to an increase of salary. This performer, who had for a considerable time, though unsuccessfully, been importuning Mr Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, to grant him some addition, coming into Jupp's whilst Bannister was preparing some celery to eat with an expected rump-steak, and beginning to complain in his usual and tiresome strain, Bannister, putting the salad dish upon a sort of shelf above his head, said in sport, "I am sorry, Dubellamy, that you have not succeeded, particularly as my salary (celery) has been raised." Dubellamy now broke out not only into complaint, but invective; on which Bannister observed, "If my salary (celery) being raised hurts your feelings, it shall, as you see (taking down the dish), be lowered again in a minute!"

The room at Jupp's, which was for many years frequented by men of talent and wit, such as "were wont to set the table in a roar," is now, to prove "to what base uses we may return," occupied by boxers and gentlemen of the fancy, who place themselves on an equality with these professors of the *argumetum baculinum*, by the patronage and countenance they afford them.

Among the demonstrations of loyalty, in celebration of the peace concluded between this country and France, none were more splendid than those at Vauxhall Gardens, on the 26th of July, which were honoured by the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The illuminations, the concert, and the fireworks, were all of a superior description, and afforded high gratification to the numerous and elegant audience. His Royal Highness departed at an early hour.

Mrs Billington having concluded her splendid theatrical career at the English theatres, was engaged by the proprietor of the Italian Opera House, and appeared on that stage on the 4th of December, in Nasolini's serious opera, *Merope*. Her brother, Mr Weichsell, was also engaged (to the exclusion of Salomon) to lead the band. The *entrée* of Mrs Billington was hailed with enthusiasm, as well as her performance throughout the opera.

To the deep regret of the musical world, Cimarosa, the celebrated composer, departed this life in the year 1801. Cimarosa was born in the year 1751, and was a native of Capo di Monte in Naples. He studied under Durante, at the *conservatorio* of Loretta; and such were his docility and sweetness of temper, that they gained him the affection of all who knew him. So great was the fame he had acquired as a composer, that he received from Paris an order to compose a cantata for the birth of the Dauphin, which was performed by a band of more than a hundred performers. It is stated that his success was more rapid than that of any composer of the last century, excepting Piccini, and that the celebrity of his comic opera of *L'Italiana in Londra* was nearly as extensive as that of the most popular of Piccini's productions. In 1787 he succeeded Sarti as composer at the court of St. Petersburg, where he continued about

three years. He then went to Madrid, and afterwards to Vienna, from whence he returned to Italy. During his continuance in Naples he is said to have taken part with the French, and to have narrowly escaped the fate of a rebel and a traitor. The music of Cimarosa, which consists principally of comic operas, is in great esteem on the continent. His works exhibit throughout traits of extraordinary genius, and of an imagination always new and always brilliant. Those which have been most celebrated are—*Il Pittore Paregino*; *L'Italiana in Londra*; composed in the year 1780; *Le trame deluse*; and *Il Fanatico burlato*, in 1787; *Il Matrimonio segreto*; *Amor rende sagace*, composed at Vienna; *I fraci Amanti*; and *Le Astuzie femine*, both at Naples; in 1794, *L'Impregno superato*; and *L'Impresario in Augusta*, in the following year; *I Nemici generosi*, in 1796. Of his serious operas we know only five: *Giunio Bruto*; *Ines de Castro*; *La Vendetta di Nino*; *Penelope*; and *Gli Orazi e Curiazi*.

1803.

The opera of *Merope* was repeated at the King's Theatre on the 8th of January, when Mrs Billington was again received with unbounded applause. At the end of the opera she was seized with a sudden, and as it proved, severe indisposition, in consequence of which she was prevented from re-appearing till Saturday the 19th of March, when she again performed in the opera of *Merope* to a crowded audience, who greeted her return with loud cheers. Madame Bolla, who was not engaged this season, was succeeded by Signora Gerbini, who appeared for the first time in Cimarosa's beautiful comic opera *I due Baroni*. This lady's acting and singing were so mediocre, that, had it not been for the superior abilities of Viganoni and Morelli, the comic opera would have been scarcely deserving notice.

Winter, who was engaged as composer to the King's Theatre, produced, on the 31st of May, an entirely new serious opera, entitled *Calypso*. Billington, as Calypso, displayed, as well in the recitatives as in the airs, uncommon taste and animation, and was enthusiastically applauded. She was admirably supported by Viganoni. The music of *Calypso* is ingenious and pleasing. At the fall of the curtain "God save the King" was called for, and was twice sung by Mrs Billington, amidst peals of applause.

In consequence of the continued illness of Mrs Billington, Miss Parke (afterwards Mrs Beardmore) sang her part at the Covent Garden oratorios. She executed the airs in *The Messiah* with great taste and judgment, particularly, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which she gave with great feeling and effect. The band was led by Mr Weichsell. The concert of ancient music, honoured by the presence of their Majesties, and the vocal concert, were deprived of the aid of Mrs Billington during the early part of their seasons, in consequence of her protracted indisposition.

From the success of their lately produced musical performances, the two winter theatres had no operatic novelties of any importance.

The Ode for his Majesty's birthday was performed at St. James's on the 4th of June. It was composed by Sir William Parsons, master of the King's band.

Having formerly, for many years, assisted in the odes performed at the court of St. James's on the 4th of June, the birthday of His Majesty George the Third, I had opportunities of viewing the council-chamber, in which the drawing-rooms were held, the furniture, throne, and tapestry of which were extremely old and dilapidated. In the year 1793, the most furious and sanguinary period of the French Revolution, in which Louis the Sixteenth was decapitated, I again attended on the King's birthday, and was much gratified by observing the alterations and improvements which had taken place, and which, in those baneful times, had with propriety been deemed necessary to correspond with the dignity of the King of a great and free people. The old brass chandeliers, which had probably been in use more than a century, had been superseded by modern ones of elegant fashion. The throne, of crimson velvet, (which from age had become as faded as the parliamentary robes of the senior peer,) was so dilapidated, and the fissures in the cushions were so large, that the tickings containing the stuffings were eminently conspicuous. Instead of the old-fashioned looking-glasses, new and splendid ones appeared. The neat little pair of brass-nozzled bellows, which had time out of mind hung by the fire-side, had vanished, and the almost colourless tapestry, which had long lined the walls, was removed, and some of the most beautiful ever beheld had succeeded it. While these alterations were in contemplation, the King displayed a remarkable instance of retention of memory. On its being observed that new tapestry would be necessary, His Majesty instantly pointed out to the Lord Chamberlain (Salisbury) certain trunks containing the exquisite tapestry presented to Charles the First when Prince of Wales, whilst the negotiations were proceeding relative to his intended marriage

(which did not take place) with the Infanta of Spain. These trunks with their contents had remained in their depository ever since the year 1618, and were found in the exact situation the King had described.

(To be continued.)

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The sixth concert of the eighteenth season, held on Wednesday evening, January 23rd, was, as usual, attended by an audience that crowded every available space in St James's Hall. The reason of the enormous success of these entertainments is no mystery; it lies in the simple fact that a good ballad well sung pleases all—both gentle and simple, young and old, learned and ignorant. Mr John Boosey, long ago, had the shrewdness to discern this fact, and the enterprise to establish a series of concerts with the object not only of gratifying the public taste, but also of increasing the love of healthy ballad music. Whilst including always in his programmes some of the worthiest of old ditties, he continually sets before the public the later, if not the latest, efforts of our song writers; thereby keeping in circulation the musical currents of the people. Knowing full well that melodies, like other flowers, have a silly way of blushing unseen, Mr Boosey is determined that those under his care shall not be hidden from sight, but shall be placed before the public in the strongest light, and in the most attractive array. Therefore he engages artists of the highest class to interpret and illustrate those ballads he deems worthy of notice and patronage. The public, not slow in recognizing such advantages, flock to his concerts, in order that they might, whilst selecting ballads for use, receive at the same time the best possible lesson how to sing them. The benefits afforded society, by thus keeping up a high standard of merit in performance, are surely not inconsiderable. Such models of expressive vocalism, as the ballad concerts supply, are calculated to raise the art status of home music, and promote consequently the exercise of those pure and tender feelings which make the English home gentle and refined.

The programme on Wednesday last justified these remarks, for it contained some old favourites, as well as others more recently written, but still likely in time to take rank with our popular songs. Amongst the former was "The Friar of Orders Grey," sung by Mr Santley with a relish that secured a unanimous encore, to which request he responded with a kindred ditty, "A Cavalier's Song." In the earlier part of the programme he gave Hatton's "To Anthea" as an encore to Gounod's "Medjà"—a composition of beauty, but a little out of keeping with its British surroundings. Mr Edward Lloyd, an especial favourite, also afforded the audience an opportunity of hearing Hatton at his best by rendering "Excelsior" in magnificent style. This gentleman's beautiful voice was likewise exercised upon Cowen's "I will come," and the delighted auditors would insist upon hearing his passionate strains again. Mr Charles Wade essayed Marzials' new song, "Never to know," which has the elements of speedy popularity; and Mr Maybrick gave an earnest interpretation of Cowen's "My Lady's Bower," a composition worthy of its author. But the public would have gone away dissatisfied had they not heard some stirring ditty by Stephen Adams, and the one chosen by Mr Maybrick on this occasion for their delight was "The Midshipmite." Balfe's capital song, "Killarney," had the advantage of Miss Helen D'Alton's sweet voice and unaffected style for illustration. The melodious qualities of its celebrated author are here found in their highest perfection. Madame Antoinette Sterling seldom appears before a ballad-loving public without making a powerful appeal to their feelings. And she certainly did not fail to do so on Wednesday last, for both in Cowen's "The reaper and the flowers," and the same composer's "The Better Land," she carried away willing captives by her earnest pleadings. Madame Carlotta Patti's exceptionable voice was heard to advantage in "Le Calesera" (Yradier), and Miss Mary Davies won an easy triumph in "Spinning" (Cowen), and "Colin's Love Letter" (Molloy). Some part-songs were sung by Mr Venables' choir. The instrumental music was excellent. Madame Norman Neruda played Corelli's "Allegro-Vivace" in capital style, and so gratified the audience in Raff's "Cavatina" that they insisted upon an extra solo. M. Vladimir de Pachmann, announced to play early in the programme, had not reached the hall when his turn came. Some delay in returning from Scotland had caused the *contre-*

temps.* In this dilemma Miss Maggie Okey ascended the platform to play in his stead. It was assuredly a graceful act upon the part of the young lady, and one that should claim gratitude from all, especially from the delayed artist. Happily, M. de Pachmann arrived in time to play in the second part, and when seated at the pianoforte he seemed determined to make amends for the disappointment, for he certainly performed his solos "Wiegenlied" (Henselt), and a "Galop" (Rubinstein) with more than usual charm.

H. S.

LOVE-LIGHT.

SONG.

When the day is gone the darkness falls Over the restless sea, And foam-capp'd billows that kiss the shore Moan sadly and wearily; But when the twinkling stars peep forth, And the moon in her beauty beams, The dark waves are touch'd with a tender grace, Like the glory we see in dreams. My heart is like the sad dark sea, Thou art the moonlight shining down on me.	When the cold dawn creeps o'er the clouded sky, And the moonbeams have dirdaway, The sea heaves mournfully neath the gloom, And its billows are dull and grey; But when the glorious sun bursts forth And smiles o'er the waking earth, The waves are gemm'd with a crown of light And sing in their sparkling mirth. My heart is like the cold grey sea, Thou art the sunlight shining down on me.
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J. MORTIMER ADYE.

HAYNES OF MALVERN.—William Haynes, the subject of this sketch, was born in Worcester, "ye faithful citie," on September 19th, 1829, and received his education at Worcester Diocesan School. His musical and mechanical abilities led his parents to apprentice him to Mr John Nicholson, the well-known organ builder; but, ultimately, this occupation was relinquished in favour of the musical profession, and he was articled to Mr William Done, the organist of Worcester Cathedral, under whose tuition he studied the art of music, both theoretically and practically. In 1846 he acted as assistant organist at the Cathedral, and shortly afterwards wrote his effective composition for the organ, "Partant pour la Syrie," with variations and pedal *obligato*, which he dedicated to Dr Chipp. In 1850, Mr Haynes was offered the charge of the organ at Trinity Church, Malvern, and on October 30th, in the same year, he was appointed as organist of the Priory Church in that town, a position which he has held uninterruptedly ever since, and still maintains. He has been the means of restoring and enlarging the organ from time to time, until it has become one of the first instruments in the country, and worthy of the grand old abbey in which it rests. In 1856, Mr Haynes married Miss Elizabeth Broad, R.A.M., and of the Conservatorium, Paris. She possessed a very fine soprano voice, and frequently sang in London and the provinces under the name of Mdlle Bretet. Mr Haynes is the composer of numerous songs and pieces, including the "Priory Chimes," the "Call to Arms," &c., and he has also written many chants and hymn tunes, a "Te Deum" in Gregorian style, a cantata, and a series of musical settings to the Church Canticles, entitled "Vesper Music," which met with a large sale. In addition to his church and professional work, and his duties as music professor at the Malvern College, he established in 1858 a music business in Malvern, the town being at that time little more than a quiet village, nestling in the hillside, which nevertheless, by its charming situation, matchless springs, and pure air, attracted many visitors. For many years Mr Haynes's business was managed by Mr Isaac Berrow, now the well-known London representative of Pleyel's pianos. Later on the business developed considerably, and under the arrangement and management of Mr W. Elzy, with whom Mr Haynes has been socially as well as commercially associated since 1870, the new monster hall, expressly built for the latter, was opened in October, 1878, and forms one of the largest music warehouses in the kingdom, the one room alone measuring 80 ft. in length, 27 ft. in breadth, and 23 ft. in height. The catalogue, compiled and arranged by Mr Elzy in 1880, especially for this business (which is now carried on under the name of "Haynes & Co., Cecilia Hall") contains 152 pages, 156 engravings, and besides much explanatory matter, three very carefully arranged chronological tables, interesting alike to musicians, clerics, and the general public. Messrs. Haynes & Co. have a branch business in Tewkesbury, which has now been opened three years.

* "Not unusual in a railway journey," sarcastically observed Mr Naylor, by way of apology, to the audience.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1883-84.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28, 1884,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Ottet, in F, Op. 166, for two violins, viola, clarinet, French horn, bassoon, violoncello, and contra-bass (Schubert)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^m. L. Ries, Hollander, Lazarus, Wendland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti; Song, "Ce que je suis sans toi" (Gounod)—Miss Santley; Prelude and Fugue à la Tarentella, for pianoforte alone (Bach)—M^{lle} Marie Krebs.

PART II.—Recit. and Air, "Deh! tu m'as mené un questo asil," and Song, "Vinto è l'amor" (Handel)—Miss Santley; Trio, in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M^{lle} Marie Krebs, M^{me} Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZEBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 26, 1884.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A major, Op. 18, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^m. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Air, "In native worth" (Haydn)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Sonata, in A major, Op. 2, No. 2, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé; Kol Nidrei, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Max Bruch)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Far away where angels dwell" (Blumenthal)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Quartet, in E minor, Op. 11, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Fibich)—Mr Charles Hallé, M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^m. Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—SIGNOR ROMILI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALDUKE OF THE STRAIGHT MARCHES.—Now we have gone so far let us go no further. Let us not abandon *Lohengrin* for the "Ring." Surely we are nearing the brink of the forbidden (and forebode) stream.

QUID.—None of your quiddities, please, or—&c.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1884.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 29.)

XXIV.

To judge Cherubini in his entirety, at least as far as we consider him as a dramatic musician, we ought to know his Italian operas as well as we know his French ones. Certain critics have, in the most absolute manner, denied that he possessed the gift of melody, properly so called; Fétis, who was well acquainted with and had thoroughly studied him, defended him in this instance with a lively sympathy not habitual with him:

"Some critics," he says, "and biographers have asserted that Cherubini's music was deficient in melody; they have even denied him the genius necessary for inventing any; they are manifestly in error. Were there nothing of his save the duet from the opera of *Epicure*, the grand scene from *Pimmalone*, as sung by Crescentini, the delicious air from the *Abencérages*, so often sung successfully by Ponchard, that from *Anacréon chez lui* (Jeunes filles aux regards doux) and the charming chorus from *Blanche de Provence*, they would prove that Cherubini was gifted with a faculty of inventing melodies more novel in form, perhaps, than a great deal of music which is considered essentially melodious. Melody abounds in *Les deux Journées*, but such was the wealth of harmony accompanying it, such was the brilliant colouring of the instrumentation at the time the work appeared, and such, above all, was then the insufficient perception by the public of the combinations of all these beauties, that the merit of the melody was not esteemed at its just value;

that merit disappeared amid all those things which Frenchmen did not comprehend."

What Fétis here says is true in what regards matter of detail; but it is less exact if we consider the subject as a whole, at least as regards Cherubini's French dramatic music. That is why I said that, to appreciate him soundly, we ought to be acquainted, also, with his Italian music. Here we have the testimony of his contemporaries, even Frenchmen, who express the greatest admiration for the exquisite melodious feeling animating the airs which, in his youth, when he was attached to the Théâtre de Monsieur, he added to the operas of the great Italian masters of his time. If these airs, these pieces, interpolated in the exquisite scores of Cimarosa, Paisiello, and Sarti, were not incongruous and not out of keeping with the deliciously inspired music of these masters, Cherubini must certainly have been gifted with a great power of melody.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that, when working for the French stage, Cherubini subjected his talent to an evolution which profoundly modified its character. As for myself, I am far from denying—as I have frequently proved in the course of these papers—Cherubini's creative power as regards melody; but I am inclined to agree with the opinion very clearly expressed by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, who, like Fétis, is a sincere admirer of the master, and who considers that "there is a great want of vitality in Cherubini's operas compared to *Don Juan*, *Fidelio* or *Der Freischütz*," because Cherubini did not possess a sufficient flow of beautiful and independent melody. Herr Hiller adds:

"No one will say that his music is not melodious, though it is more correct to say that all in it is song. But there is a great chasm between this melodic element, the essence of every true musician, and the creation of melodies which seize on the memory and the imagination."

Lastly, Herr Hiller observes:

"No one affirms that Cherubini was not melodic, but, on the other hand, no one can deny that his weak point is a want of concrete melodies."

Here Herr Hiller strikes me as viewing the matter from the Italian point of view and referring more especially to the absence of the cantilena in Cherubini's dramatic music. This is precisely what I wanted to establish, without troubling myself to know whether it is a cause of strength or weakness for the composer. In my eyes, Cherubini was a man of vast, powerful, and complex genius, which embraced in its totality all the parts of a composition, casting it in his brain all at once, discovering and realizing spontaneously the general effect, and in whose case, consequently, the whole work and the various details are so commingled that no portion taken separately could preserve a superior value of its own, separately appreciable.

And the best proof that this manner of judging Cherubini does not prejudice his works is the sentiment of enthusiasm which they inspire in Herr Hiller himself, and which he expresses in the following terms; the passage is rather long, but I cannot think of omitting anything from it, so interesting and characteristic is it—

"At the epoch when Cherubini began to write, opera had obtained a very great importance both in France and Italy, but under different conditions. Paris was the cradle of the delicate, dramatic, and animated musical pieces, full of naïf and piquant melody, which became so vastly popular on this side the Alps. And of all French composers who, knowing but little of harmony and instrumentation, produced music as graceful as it was agreeable, from its great originality of invention and the composer's instinctive knowledge of the stage, Grétry was the first. At the same epoch, in Italy, Paisiello, Cimarosa, and other less known Italians, enchanted the world by the charm of their vocal style. Composers and singers combined to show the prodigious power the human voice can exert on our feelings and senses when it is cultivated with art and used naturally. Superior to the French manner in form and development, full of inimitable spirit in buffo opera, and of tender sentiment, often approaching passion, in more serious music, the Italian manner of treating the orchestra was, while not deficient in independence, extraordinarily simple. Gluck's position was isolated, and his influence reduced to grand opera. His powerful dramatic genius enabled him to combine, in a remarkable degree, French declamation with the Italian cantilena, and, by embellishing these from time to time with German harmony, he produced the grandest effects. But he was not an absolute master of his art in the same sense as the great German composers, and he was wanting in power of development

and grandeur of construction. Mozart possessed all the great qualities, but, at the time of which we are speaking, had, even in his own country—where he certainly was not estimated at his proper value—hardly shown what he was, while beyond the limits of Germany he was scarcely known. We have only to mention this state of things for the scores of *Lodoiska* and *Médée* to strike us as something truly astonishing. They contain an abundance of characteristic themes, varying with the sense of the words as well as with the characters and changes of situation, and yet, despite all this life and movement, they constitute a musical style always architectural in the beauty and clearness of its lines. The harmonies and modulations, even when very extraordinary, are developed with that natural and logical sequence and facility which always distinguish a great master, and appear, in this kind of writing, to proceed from the independent life of the separate parts, as was the case with the old composers in the strictly polyphonic style. It is to Cherubini especially that we are indebted for a large number of the effects which have been so often employed by the romantic school in Germany, and which artists less happily endowed have so greatly abused; I refer to long-sustained harmonies supporting rhythmic figures (the pedals), which hold the hearer in suspense until the return of the tonal note acts like a deliverance. . . . Musical historians are fond of saying that Cherubini took the Germans as his masters and models; my conviction is that the Germans learned much more from him than he from them. In his clear and transparent employment of the orchestra, he may owe a great deal to Haydn; his vivacity he may have taken from Mozart, whose greatest works were written only a few years before his own best operas; but the incontestable affinity of choice which has always been recognized between Cherubini and Beethoven, can have been one of choice only for the latter, the more so as there was never so natural an affinity between the minds of two other men. We must remember that, at the beginning of the century, several years after the appearance of *Lodoiska* and *Médée* (1791-95), Beethoven was still a young composer, and, though his trios and sonatas had given him a grand position, had not yet written anything in the way of opera. It is evident in the composition of *Fidelio* he often borrowed the manner of the great Italian. He has himself acknowledged this with a frankness which does him honour."

(To be continued.)

CATHERINGTON CHURCH,

THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF THE LATE MR AND MRS
CHARLES KEAN.

Before Lord Palmerston's fortifications on the high grounds were built to cover Portsmouth Harbour, the tower of Catherington Church was the first land object espied by the watch on board vessels making for Spithead. Under the shadow of this tower, what time the sun slopes his rays from the western heavens, lies the tomb wherein rests, "after life's fitful fever," all that is mortal of the late Charles Kean, his wife, and mother. At the present hour the visitor finds the little churchyard as quiet as the neighbouring Downs, where only the drowsy sheep-bell, or, more rarely, the harsh horn of the hunter, is heard to break the prevailing silence. But a short time ago he would have found it in the turmoil of the builder, who for some months raised there the noise of busy axes and hammers. The builder, however, is to be congratulated upon his work, for seldom has the word "restored" been more literally and faithfully interpreted. Unlike some ambitious architects of our own day, who often treat our venerable cathedrals as mere pegs to hang their gaudy fancies upon, the restorer of Catherington has kept to his calling, with the result that, with one exception, his work is in harmony with the designer and fabricator of the twelfth century.

It was the cherished wish of Mrs Charles Kean to assist in this restoration, and she particularly announced her intention to place a window over the altar in memory of her deceased husband; but, unhappily, she died before the work was commenced. She, therefore, had not the privilege of assisting in a needful enterprise, and one she had so much at heart. Her self-prescribed task remains undone. Had she placed the window in before the body of the church had been put in order, the wretched state of things that then existed would have been made more visible. For the high-backed pews appeared like sheep-pens, and the seats, stuffed up in the hollows of the arches, like big, frowsy birds' nests. Now, however, a light streaming through coloured glass would really

* Ferdinand Hiller: *Cherubini*.

enrich the renovated Norman pillars, and give the necessary softening hues to the new oaken seats, pulpit, and lectern. Perhaps it would assist to take off the attention from the fresco on the wall facing the south-door entrance. This is certainly an odd example of monkish art. It represents St Michael, with wings outstretched and sword uplifted, supporting by the waist-band of his garments a pair of scales, adjusted by a man with a crown on his head, who gleefully finds that the good soul in the near scale weighs down three bad ones in the further, and that, too, in spite of the efforts of a devil clinging to it in the frantic attempt to turn the balance by his weight. There has been some hesitation in deciding upon the expediency of preserving this strange relict. Some objectors, pointing out that it might provoke levity rather than awe, and that, in addition, it was really ugly and not, by any means, in keeping with the stern beauty of the place, might have appealed to Fresnoy's maxim—

"Denique nil sapit Gothorum barbara trito
Ornamenta modo, seclorum et monstra malorum!"

On the other hand it was effectively urged that it was the duty of ecclesiastical custodians to preserve every vestige of things that told how the Gospel was preached in olden times. Nothing could more surely nullify any bad effect of the fresco than a stained glass east window. Unfortunately, however, funds are exhausted.

In this dilemma it has been suggested that members of the theatrical profession should undertake a work that Mrs Kean was unable to perform. The memory of Charles Kean is surely worthy of preservation; nor is that of Mrs Kean, née Ellen Tree, deserving less consideration. They both did honourable service to their art, and perhaps something of the prosperity which the stage now enjoys might be attributed to their efforts. As a manager Mr Kean led the way to those scenic triumphs which now astonish even continental visitors. He brought sound scholarship to the profession at a time when there was not an overabundance of intellectual refinement. And above all, he won for the stage that esteem and good will, which envy says will end in silly, indiscriminate laudation. In paying a tribute of respect to such a man actors will be honouring themselves. The Rev. R. F. Maynard, vicar of Catherington, Hants, will be happy to forward information concerning the project.

If lovers of the drama, and their name is legion, perform their part as a certain lover of music is doing his, there will be a speedy end to the difficulty. Mr. J. D. Antill, a resident in the parish, presents a fine organ, built by Hunter to the church, and his son has voluntarily undertaken the duties of organist and choirmaster. Besides, he throws open, from time to time, his fine music room, with its noble organ, for concerts given in aid of the restoration fund. The first concert of the season was held there on Wednesday, January 16th, when an excellent programme was performed, to a crowded and enthusiastic audience, by Miss Minna Vivian, Mrs Prior, Mrs Whalley Tooker, Miss Ord, Miss Keeley, Miss Courtney, Miss Barnby, the Misses Antill, the Misses Poate, Mr Lewis Thomas and Messrs J. and D. Antill. Mr J. W. D. Pillow presided at the organ. PENCERDD GWFFYN.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Schubert's Grand Mass in E flat, which was so successfully performed by the society last season, will be given again at St James's Hall on Friday, Feb. 1st. This is by many considered to be Schubert's masterpiece of church music. It will be followed by Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*. An enlarged band is engaged for the occasion, and the soloists will be Miss Thudichum, Miss Marion Burton, Messrs Newth, Edward Lloyd, and Bridson. Mr Charles Hallé will conduct.

CARLSRUHE.—Peter Cornelius' opera, *Der Barbier von Bagdad*, is in preparation at the Grand-Ducal Theatre. Felix Mottl, the conductor, has made important "cuts," and in some parts introduced new instrumentation. Up to the present time the work has been performed only in Weimar, where it was produced under the superintendence of Franz Liszt.

BRUNSWICK.—Il *Guittarero*, a well-nigh forgotten opera by Halévy, is in rehearsal at the Ducal Theatre. It owes its resuscitation, it would seem, to the striking similarity it bears to Milloker's *Bettelstudent*. Whether this similarity, which, by the way, extends only to the book, will render the work attractive remains to be seen.

CONCERTS.

A CONCERT was given by Mr N. Mori at his residence, Aberdeen Place, Maida Hill, on Monday evening, Jan. 21st. The programme was varied and select. The first part consisted of an instrumental work by Mr N. Mori, entitled *The Wicked World* founded on Mr W. S. Gilbert's fairy comedy. It was performed by a small but efficient orchestra, led by Mr Pollitzer and conducted by the composer, and pleased very much. A movement from one of F. Schubert's quartets was rendered by Messrs Pollitzer, Henry Morris, Robert Paris, and Hope Shakespeare in finished style. Misses Emma Carpenter and Cheyne played solos on the pianoforte. Miss Richardson sang an Italian song and Wellington Guernsey's "O buy my flowers," obtaining genuine applause for each. Miss Harriet Richardson gave Gounod's Serenade, the violin *obligato* part being played in perfection by Mr. Pollitzer. Mr John Larkin, in Mozart's "Qui Sdegno" and Mariani's "L'Ultimo Addio," gave perfect satisfaction, and Mr N. Mori accompanied the vocal music with his usual tact and judgment.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF FINE ARTS.—The first *Conversazione* of the season took place on Thursday evening, Jan. 17th, when the spacious galleries in Piccadilly, of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours were filled by a numerous assembly. Music plays a prominent part in these agreeable *Soirées*. Miss Clara Samuelli pleased all by her rendering of "Bel Raggio," and later on a ballad, by Wallace, (encored, and "Robin Adair" substituted.) Miss Samuelli also sang Curschmann's trio, "L'Addio," with Mme Mathilde Ziméri and Mr. Edward Levetus, and Rossini's "Mira la bianca luna," with the last named vocalist. Mme Ziméri contributed songs by Godard, Wekerlin, Rubinstein, and Abt, all with taste and expression. Mr Levetus was successful in Donizetti's "Deserto in terra." Mr George Gear performed the duties of accompanist during the evening in admirable style.

MR AGUILAR'S PERFORMANCES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.—We annex the scheme of his third recital on Thursday, Jan. 17:—Prelude and fugue in D (No. 5), Bach; selections from twenty-four preludes by Chopin; L'Invitation pour la danse, Weber; Miss Grewing (pupil of Mr Aguilar). Remarks "On the use of dumb rhymes." Genevieve and Rondo Piacevole, Sir Sterndale Bennett; Rhapsodie hongroise (No. 2), Liszt; Miss Grewing. Poeme d'amour, Henselt. Mr Aguilar played his arduous part with the ability which invariably distinguishes this veteran artist; and his pupil, Miss Grewing, displayed a tact, sensibility, and *savoir faire* hardly to be expected from a young person still in training, however good that training may be. The ignorant amongst the audience applauded, as usual, before the close of Weber's piece in D flat, misled by its unfortunate and premature "perfect" cadence. Henselt's "Poeme d'amour" is a delicious love story indeed. Mr Aguilar's first lecture on instruction in the art of playing the pianoforte has been already published in a contemporary, and the other two will, no doubt, appear in print. Mr Aguilar intends to hold other recitals at Easter, after the holiday week. This year is leap year, and Easter Day falls on April 13.—A. M.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The programme of Mr Charles Halle's grand concert on Thursday evening, Jan. 17th, was both interesting and important, embracing as it did works by Gade, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, and Max Bruch. The symphony performed is a characteristic work of the Danish composer whose music gave such delight to Mendelssohn more than forty years ago. Gade wrote before the new development, and his works, therefore, display no traces of the influences which have so largely affected the orchestral music of so many modern composers. True, the Symphony in C minor has its weak points, and some of the movements are too long drawn out, but it is, nevertheless, a very beautiful work. Mendelssohn's *Meerestille* is one of the most picturesque and suggestive of all his works—one indeed to which the fanciful phrase "tone picture" may be applied with perfect propriety. And Sterndale Bennett's scarcely less poetical *Paradise and the Peri* is one which has been praised not less by discriminating audiences abroad than by those in the lamented composer's native land. Mme Norman-Néruda introduced a very important novelty—the Scotch Concerto by Max Bruch. The themes so ably written are unmistakably Caledonian. A finer performance of the work than that by Mme Norman-Néruda could not possibly be desired. Nor was the lady's irreproachable execution in the Bach selection less enjoyed than in the Concerto. She was twice recalled. Mr William J. Winch confirmed the favourable impression he had previously made. Mr Winch's voice is a tenor of considerable

power and of sympathetic quality which he manages with skill. His style, moreover, is refined and artistic.

EDINBURGH.—The sixth of the Choral Union's Orchestral Concerts was given in the Music Hall on Monday night, Jan. 14, and proved one of the most pleasant as well as attractive of the course. The opening overture was that to Sir G. A. Macfarren's latest oratorio, *King David*, written for, and produced at the recent musical festival in Leeds. The oratorio was then a great success, and has since been repeated in London with equal acceptance. If the overture may be taken as a specimen of the music, it is certainly—says *The Daily Review*—a work of sterling merit. An extract from Schubert's string quartet in D minor was next given, after which Berlioz's *scherzo*, "Queen Mab," from his symphony, Op. 17, was particularly well played. We had yet another novelty in the *prelude* to Wagner's music-drama, *Tristan and Isolde*, a love theme, the intensity of which is represented by a continuous strain of high notes from the strings, melodious enough, but drawn out to a degree that becomes painful to the ear. Beethoven's symphony, No. 4 in B flat, was in striking contrast to the preceding work. The last piece was Felicien David's Fantasia for orchestra, *The Desert*. Mr Edward Lloyd was the vocalist. He was in splendid voice, and sang the Prayer from Wagner's *Rienzi*, "Almighty Father, from Thy Throne;" and the "Song of Happiness" from Berlioz's *Leio*. It was with Sir Herbert Oakeley's beautiful song, "Ad Amore," however, that Mr Lloyd created most enthusiasm. He was twice re-called, and finally repeated the entire song.—At the Choral concert on Wednesday evening, Handel's *Ode to St Cecilia's Day* and Mr A. C. Mackenzie's *Jason* were given. Mrs Hutchinson, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley were the singers; Mr Bradley presided at the organ, and Mr Collinson conducted.

CAMBORNE.—A concert was given by the Camborne Choral Society in the Assembly Rooms, before a large and fashionable gathering last week. The entertainment opened with Barnby's sacred idyll, *Rebekah*, in which the solos and principal parts were taken by Mdle. José Sherrington (soprano), Messrs. Blight and Rowe. In the duet, "Oh flow'r of the verdant lea," for soprano and tenor, a well-deserved encore was responded to. The choruses were well given, the different parts being fairly balanced. The second part commenced with a part song "The night chimes." Mr Blight then sang "Madoline," and merited the great applause elicited. "Hail to the chief" (Prout) was next sung by the society. Mdle. Sherrington delighted the audience with Meyerbeer's "Shadow song" (*Dinorah*), in which her wonderful compass of voice and variety of expression in the difficult and intricate passages were all that could be desired. The lady obtained a vociferous encore. A pianoforte duet by Miss Boyns and Mr. White was next played, after which Mr. Rowe sang Watson's song "Anchored." Mr A. C. Rodda was successful in "Lend me your aid" (Gounod), and received a hearty encore. Mdle. Sherrington delighted the audience with "A Summer shower," and in response to an enthusiastic encore, gave "The miller and the maid." Miss Boyns presided at the piano, and Mr G. J. Smith, J.P., at the harmonium very creditably, and added most materially to the success of the concert. Mr White, jun., conducted, and he and Mr Rowe, the hon. secretary, are to be congratulated on the highly satisfactory arrangements for what was a capital entertainment.

NORWICH.—Mrs Kinder must be congratulated—*The Norfolk Chronicle* says—on the success of the concert she so energetically arranged, and which was given in St Andrew's Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12, in aid of the re-hanging of the bells of Kirby Bedon Church. A large number of persons were present, and therefore gave the promise of a substantial sum being realised towards the work of restoration in an old and interesting church. The singers were Miss Wollaston, Miss Beaumont, the Rev. E. H. Kinder, and Master Islip; instrumentalists, Drs. Gower and Bunnett, and Mr F. W. B. Noverre. Dr Gower's performances on the organ were well received, and his mastery of the instrument shown in his performance of Lemmens' descriptive piece "The Storm." Miss Beaumont's rendering of "Good Night, Beloved," was such as to make a refusal of an encore out of the question. In response she sang "Sing, sweet Bird." Miss Wollaston also won equal applause for the touching manner in which she gave Pinsuti's "Laddie." We must not omit to mention Master Islip's singing of Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair;" nor should the Rev. E. H. Kinder's contributions be unnoticed, especially his tasteful rendering of the "Bedouin's Love Song." Drs Bunnett and Gower played a pianoforte duet, ("Tarentelle") for which they were deservedly applauded, as also were Mr F. W. B. Noverre and Dr Bunnett for the duet concertante for violin and pianoforte on subjects from *Tannhäuser*. Prior to the conclusion of the programme the Rev. Ralph Kinder expressed his best thanks to all those who had so kindly assisted.

ENGLISH OPERA.

In his four-act opera, *Victorian*, founded on Longfellow's *Spanish Student*, Mr Julian Edwards has gone some distance on the right road to the production of a popular work. There is certainly much to commend in Mr Edwards' opera. He has melody at command; he thoroughly understands his orchestra; he is entirely free from the tricks and affectations of style that spoil many compositions in the present day; and he has studied and skilfully introduced the rhythm of Spanish music, so as to give a sort of local colour to his work. On the other hand, while his melody runs smoothly on, it has very little significance. The music of passion and pathos seems to be beyond him; there is a tendency to over-colour accompaniments, the result of which is specially felt when in a very large theatre, singers with not very powerful voices are engaged in the interpretation; and though he has not failed to employ the bolero, the seguidilla, and such characteristic movements, that dramatic music which is necessary for powerful situations in the opera of all countries alike is not forthcoming. Mr Edwards has fallen short in his attempt, it must be confessed, with every possible desire to encourage and applaud a young English musician. There is a certain air of inadequacy about *Victorian* not to be disguised. Some shortcomings may unquestionably be laid on his book. Mr J. F. R. Anderson, who is responsible for the libretto, obviously has no idea of constructing a piece for the stage, while his lyrics are often the veriest rubbish. To make the preposition "of" rhyme with "love" is quite in accordance with Mr Anderson's notion of lyric poetry; and his rhyme is not more remarkable than his imagery. Mr Anderson makes his "torrents" not only "sink" but "swoon," though he affords no clue to the method by which such phenomena are accomplished. When Preciosa, the gipsy girl, moves in delicious dances, it is stated that

"Each flaming eye brims when the shining limbs
"Glance fragrant and fair as the sun-kissed hill of Asphodel."

The gazer whose flaming eye brims most particularly declares that "his heart speeds away in a whirl." It will be perceived that the poet is daring, but he must have sorely perplexed his composer, and it is certain that his unvoiced words try the unfortunate singers.

The overture, which introduces music subsequently heard in the opera, is pleasantly written, and the story opens in the palace of the Count de Lara, the villain of the piece, who, it will be remembered, strives to obtain possession of Preciosa, the gipsy girl, and incidentally to make her lover, Victorian, believe that she is false, a plan which comes near success by reason of the Count's cunning; for he has secured a ring the facsimile of one which Victorian has given to Preciosa, and the ring Victorian believes to be his veritable gift. The opening chorus and what follows is sufficiently tuneful, but the first noteworthy number is Preciosa's solo in E flat, "Dark was the morn." The recitative is well accompanied by ascending scales for the flute, and in the last few bars of this recitative a good effect is made by the cello giving out the following air. There is something tender and melodious in this adagio (which has been already heard in the overture), and notwithstanding that an apology was made for the singer, Miss Julia Gaylord, on the ground of indisposition arising from sore throat, her singing was sympathetic and pleasant. Longfellow's serenade, "Stars of the summer night," sung by Victorian and a chorus of tenors and basses, is prettily set, and the violin accompaniment is not ungraceful, but the words seem susceptible of more than Mr Edwards has made of them; and, for dramatic purposes, it may be doubted whether this would not have been better as a solo. There is but one lady who sleeps, and it seems incongruous for each of the entire male chorus to claim her as his lady. This scene, it should have been said, takes place outside Preciosa's house, and with a good deal of boldness, considering the presence of the serenading crowd, Preciosa comes to her balcony and listens. Victorian then climbs the wall, as Romeo did before him, and then follows a long love duet for soprano and tenor (Mr F. C. Packard). It is hard on a composer that whenever he writes love music for such a situation as this he should straightway be compared with M. Gounod, and that the Garden scene of *Faust* should be recalled. When in *Romeo and Juliet* Gounod himself tried to repeat his exquisite inspiration he made a comparative failure, and Mr Edwards, though a clever and capable musician, is not a Gounod. This duet flows on placidly, but no depth of sentiment or emotion is reached. There is a great deal of careful and not inappropriate writing for voices and orchestra; more cannot be said. The stage management, to come to a minor detail, is here very absurd, for whereas the lovers might join each other if they pleased, they sing from opposite sides of the wall, which has a somewhat odd effect.

The second act takes place in a square in Madrid, where many gipsies, including Preciosa's father, Beltran (that is, of course, to say her supposed father, for it need scarcely be remarked that she is not a gipsy), and her gipsy lover, Bartolomé, meet. The latter is

sent by Beltran to get money from Preciosa—for what the dancing girl earns her father claims from her—and when he finds Preciosa in her chamber, Bartolomé pleads his own cause. His song, "When midnight's sombre shadows fall," is one of the most effective numbers in the opera, and its merit was admirably brought out by Mr James Sauvage, the excellent baritone, who, during the short season, has done so much to ensure his position and popularity. The song lies high, F sharp and G are needed, but—though it may be hoped the young singer will not overtax the top of his register—these notes are given with perfect ease. For the first time something like action is then imported into the libretto. The Count enters, and persecutes Preciosa; Victorian soon after enters, supposes that the girl is encouraging the intruder, and with his renunciation of her the curtain falls. A duel between Victorian and the Count follows, preceded by a spirited quintet, "Fiercely a fire within my bosom burns," the triplet at the beginning of each line of the verse giving to it a certain character of impetuosity. The Count is disarmed, his life is spared by his generous antagonist, but the villain repays the mercy by repeating his false charge against Preciosa, furthermore convincing Victorian by showing him the duplicate ring. The second scene, in Preciosa's garden, is musically notable for the setting for chorus of Longfellow's serenade, "Good night, beloved." Dramatically, this, again, is inappropriate for choral treatment, for it is the lover alone who speaks; but, apart from this, the music, in B flat, six-eight time, is exceedingly tuneful and delicate. The duet in which Dolores joins her mistress is well written, Miss C. Devrient is at present too great a novice to be at home on the stage and do justice to her powers; but, as a vocalist, she has obviously been well trained, and she has a voice, moreover, which was well worth training. The story proceeds with the Count's attempt to carry off Preciosa, but when he enters her garden he is unaware that Bartolomé and Beltran are there already, and the former rushes forward and stabs De Lara as he is placing a ladder against the wall beneath Preciosa's window. A quaint but very pretty contralto song for Hypolito (Miss Lucy Franklin) opens the last act. The words are very unvoiced; but the air, with its somewhat novel rhythm in three-four time, is attractive, and, being very well rendered, a favourable impression is made. Another arbitrary change of scene reveals the gipsies' camp, and here occurs the ballet to characteristically Spanish music. A duet between Bartolomé and Preciosa seems to show a not fully-developed capacity in Mr Edwards for the writing of dramatic music. He is, however, on the whole, happier in the duet for Preciosa and Victorian, "Hist, Gipsy, hist," in the course of which Victorian is recognized, the truth made plain, and the lovers reunited. The opera ends with a very bright and flowing chorus, which, it should have been previously said, makes a brisk beginning for the second act.

The reception of the opera was decidedly favourable, notwithstanding that there was little to evoke enthusiasm, and few demands were made for the repetition of portions. The prominent personages of the cast have already been mentioned with approval. It would be difficult to find a more agreeable Preciosa than Miss Gaylord. Mr Packard's voice is in capital order, and the music is quite safe with him; Mr Sauvage once more shows himself a valuable recruit to English opera; Mr Rousbey, though his department is the reverse of heroic, at least sings the Count's music well. Miss Franklin and Miss Devrient do what is demanded of them as Hypolito and Dolores. Longfellow's clerics do not appear in the opera. The choruses had been rehearsed with care, and Mr Edwards, who conducted his own work, had justice done to his score. At the end of the opera he was called to bow acknowledgments, and the compliment was well deserved. That *Victorian* will become generally popular is scarcely probable, but it displays capacity, and Mr Edwards may well be encouraged to try again.

D. L. R.

VICTORIAN.

(From another "stylum.")

A very curious and elaborate system of checks regulates the forces of nature, and acts alike in great things and small. The earth would go off into space along a straight line but for the holding power of the sun, and the "silver streak" would become more impassable than it is as well as more silvery were not an army of creatures employed to devour superfluous herrings. A like regulation affects man, who is constantly being pulled up in some way or other. The ancients, as we all know, had a cheery way of performing this service at banquets, triumphs, and other solemnities stimulative of improper elation, and, if the fashion has departed, it is only, perhaps, because no further need exists for official takers down, our friends being always ready to act in that capacity. The universality of the practice would seem to indicate that its operation is healthy, and this

consideration puts the performance of Mr Julian Edwards's *Victorian* in an acceptable light. English opera may have wanted a check. It has lately been exalted as suddenly as King Cophetua's beggar maid, or good little Cinderella. It has not only received honour in its own country and among its own people, but gone abroad to be acclaimed in the musical cities of the Continent, and all this after years upon years of neglect and contumely. Therefore, the time had arrived for the slave to whisper, "Remember, thou art mortal!" With the hour came the man—Mr Julian Edwards, and he did his taking down very effectively on Saturday night. It must not be supposed that Mr Edwards had expressly prepared *Victorian* for such a timely and useful service. The work was written several years ago, but seemed then, we presume, to have no special vocation. Indeed, the chances are that had the composer consulted his friends about *Victorian*, as John Bunyan took his into council concerning the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the majority would have given a desponding opinion anent its future. But it is always foolish to throw away things in the belief that they will never be wanted. The tide once set in favour of English opera, *Victorian* found an opening and a mission; thanks to it, English opera is now healthily humble with "failure" writ large upon its manifestation.

All things worked together for the end just stated—the librettist, by choosing, or at any rate accepting, such a subject as that of Longfellow's *Spanish Student*, and by discharging his task of adaptation in a very indifferent manner; the composer, by writing music which, as the music of a "grand romantic opera," is lamentably feeble; and the performers, by representing the piece as though with one mind to do it harm. We shall not take up time and space by going into the details upon which the assertions just made are based, but must guard against injustice to the composer, who, though he cannot write an opera, has done some things well in *Victorian*. It is clear, for example, that an expressive song and a picturesque chorus are not beyond his means, for we have the one in the appeal of a rejected lover to his mistress, and the other in a concerted piece, "On the top of a mountain I stand." These show the existence of germs from which something of wider good may come after cultivation—after Mr Edwards, let us say, has improved his dramatic perception and expression and acquired the ability to treat a modern orchestra less like a big guitar. We have not patience to speak of the performance in detail, but should neglect our most obvious and binding duty were we not to protest against such slipshod doings. It may be well to take English opera down a little, but there is no need to drag her through the mire.—D. T.

[Never mind. One may examine a thing from divers peaks and arrive at divers conclusions—a conclusion to a peak, until the point be accepted upon which each *bipied sans plumes* coincides with his immediate peakfellow. "D. T." is evidently a sector, and can strip an elench to his purpose.—Dr Blinge.]

FACTS IN FRAGMENTS.

The English Opera Company playing at Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Mr Friend, produced another opera new to London audiences on Saturday last, Jan. 19. Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the merits of the music, the enterprise of the management must be commended. *Victorian* is written by Mr J. F. R. Anderson, who has taken his subject from Longfellow's *Spanish Student*. In some respects it is more intelligible than other libretti recently set by English composers. The story is effective because it portrays human passion and feeling. Preciosa, the beautiful gipsy girl, from the time of Cervantes has formed a favourite subject for poetry and music. The opera, divided into four acts, goes on evenly and quietly to the end, each situation explaining itself as in a ballet. It might be asked, Who is Mr Julian Edwards, the composer of this last addition to our lyric drama? His name is not widely known, this being his first important work. It does not profess to be a "Grand Romantic Opera," but it has the acceptable quality of never being dull throughout the four acts. The choruses are spirited and bright, if not original, and the ballet music is characterized with a certain Spanish rhythm. These portions received a good deal of genuine applause. In the second act Bartolomé's song, "Where midnight's sombre shadows fall," delivered with much feeling by Mr James Sauvage, had to be repeated, a compliment thoroughly merited by this very excellent artist. In the third act an air for Preciosa, charmingly sung by Mme Gaylord, narrowly escaped an encore. The choruses and the ballet music in this act are effective; the orchestration is

generally, however, deficient in breadth and force. Did the composer intend his work for a small orchestra? He employs but a limited number of instruments. The performance was hardly perfect—how can such a consummation be expected when so many works have to be prepared in a short time? There is, however, room for praise as well as censure. An excuse, on account of indisposition, was made for Mme Julia Gaylord, but she nevertheless sang with spirit; Mr Packard, as the hero *Victorian*, looked and acted the part well; Mr James Sauvage showed that he can think for himself, sang with enthusiasm, and acted with power. The applause was frequent throughout, and all engaged in the representation were called before the curtain.

PHOSPHOR.

"Ellen, Ellen, answer me true,
What happened, what he made you do,
Everything that he brought you to,
Tell me, nor leave out one word due.

"Seek not to turn your face to the wall,
Your face that is white like a child's pall,
White as the white sheet, lips and all,
All but your eyes' beseeching blue.

"More there is than is good to be guessed
Behind that silent, reluctant breast.
Have no fear to tell me the rest.
Tell it me, Ellen, as if I knew.

"But make no lies, as thou lovest God,
For the slain man sleeps in the broken sod:
The grass there withers from being so trod
(He had more labour with me than with you).

"Like a lean tiger, as one saith,
Nay, rather, I felt like very Death
Till I had the last, the last of his breath,
And the blood of his hot throat carven through.

"The deaf wind, thundering in his might,
Drowns the sound of the sea to-night.
The candle flickers with some strange fright
Of the shadows that shift around us two.

"Tell it me, Ellen, without shame.
Ellen! For I love you all the same."
—But she gave no answer unto her name.
God, keep her safe whom pure shame slew!

GEMISTUS PLETHO.

VOICE TRAINING.—Dr Morrell Mackenzie delivered a lecture, in the hall of the School of Dramatic Art, on Wednesday afternoon, on the hygiene of the voice and speech before a large audience. The lecturer defined hygiene as the science of preventing disease, and applying this to the voice, he proceeded to show that careful training, conducted on physiological principles, is an important means of maintaining a healthy condition of the organs concerned. Whilst allowing full value to the laryngoscope as an instrument of medical diagnosis and scientific research, Dr Mackenzie, in opposition to some well-known teachers, denied that a knowledge of the anatomy of the vocalising apparatus is of any more use to a singer than an acquaintance with the muscles of the lower limbs would be to a dancer. The lecturer also combated the traditional maxims that the teaching of singing should not be begun too early, and that the voice should not be used at all whilst it is "breaking," arguing that in this, as in every other art which required precision of muscular action and accurate co-ordination of the different parts, training should begin in youth, when the tissues are supple. In treating of things injurious to the voice Dr Mackenzie instanced the use of tight stays, which interfered with the free movement of the chest-walls. The lecturer concluded with some practical advice on clothing, food, drink, &c., in their relation to the voice. Whilst condemning the practice of taking anything during a vocal performance, and urging that, as a general rule, the diet should be bland and unstimulating, Dr Mackenzie left the details in such matters to be settled by each individual for himself according to his personal experience.—D. T.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

Miss Marie Krebs made her first appearance for the season on Monday night, and was warmly welcomed. All amateurs are glad so to greet the King of Saxony's pianist, for, though her home is in Germany, she may be called the adopted daughter of England. We have known her from a child, and the frequenters of our concert rooms have watched her artistic growth with equal interest and satisfaction. She is expected year by year, and a place which no other could exactly fill is regularly kept for her in our musical circle. No doubt this friendly connection owes its permanence to the fact that Miss Krebs is progressive—one who continues to grow in all the higher qualities that entitle her to be considered an artist. Herein lies the distinction between such as she and the mere executant who, at a certain point, becomes stationary and then retrogrades. The true artist, on the other hand, goes on acquiring deeper and fuller insight into the meaning and power of music; its mysteries reveal themselves as experience widens; and the confidence of knowledge leaves the mind free to express individuality. This was well exemplified last night by Miss Krebs's performance of Beethoven's grand Sonata in C—the famous and immortal "Waldstein." We have heard her play the work again and again, but never before with such breadth of effect, grasp of subject, and distinctiveness of reading. Her command over the keyboard remains as perfect as ever; but, in reckoning up her qualities, we must now add a developed intellectuality and a keener feeling. The noble first movement of the "Waldstein" served as few other movements could to make plain the facts just stated. Miss Krebs put the music before us in her own way, and it was the way of an artist with undeniable claims to enter among the select company of those above whom stand no higher. The Saxon pianist had a triumph at the close of her task, and deserved it well. She subsequently took part, with Mme Néruda and Signor Piatti, in Spohr's pianoforte Trio in E minor (Op. 119.) One of the Cassel master's works is always welcome at these concerts, though it is possible to have too many of them and to become cloyed by his rich harmonies. The trio in E minor can be heard by amateurs at any time, for the opening allegro belongs to the delightful things of art whose charm age cannot wither nor custom stale. Need we add that the entire composition derived every advantage from its eminent interpreters? With it was associated the string Quintet in E flat, written by Mozart during the last year of his life, though, listening to it, one might fancy the composer a youth and genial Father Haydn standing at his elbow. Mme Néruda contributed as her solos a Larghetto by Nardini and Paganini's "Moto Continuo," playing the second piece with marvellous union of bow and fingers, and calling forth enthusiastic applause. The vocalist was Mr Maas, who sang "Deeper and deeper still" and "The Message" superbly—that is to say, with an artistic finish equal in its way to the beauty of his voice. Mr Zerbini ably accompanied on the pianoforte.—D. T.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The work performed on Thursday night was Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, to the call of which the public, for exceedingly good reasons, are ever ready to respond. A full house witnessed and applauded the beautiful opera, while the performance, generally speaking, met the requirements of reasonable, if not exigent, taste. It is much too late to descant upon the merits of the *Lily of Killarney*—the most spontaneous, melodious, and, at the same time, characteristic production of its accomplished author. Let us, however, note the freshness with which the well-remembered music came upon the ear. We no more tire of such songs as "It is a charming girl I love," and "I'm alone," than of the spring flowers, for they also have nature in them. Some of the leading parts were played in a familiar manner; Mme Julia Gaylord representing Eily in the unaffected and sympathetic style that has so often been the theme of praise, and Mr Packard doing his customary justice to the music of Hardress Cregan. The Danny Mann was Mr James Sauvage, whose work as a vocalist proved more acceptable than his embodiment of the character, which wanted breadth and force. Mr Julian Edwards conducted, and the entire representation seemed greatly to please the very numerous audience. We observe that the *Lily of Killarney* is to be played a second time on Monday next.—D. T.

BRUSSELS.—Ernest Reyers's *Sigurd* is to be followed this season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie by three other novelties: *Le Trésor*, one act, by MM. Coppé and C. Lefebvre; M. Stevenier's prize ballet; and a one-act comic opera, words by M. Carré, music by M. Flon.—M. Gevaert is busy on a grand opera, in three acts and ten tableaux, to be entitled *Pertinax, Empereur d'Orient*. The book is by MM. Blau and Louis de Gramont.

RICHTER-GERMAN OPERA.

(Communicated.)

An die verehrten Künstler der deutschen Oper.

Mit freudigem Bewusstsein darf ich constatiren, dass Liebe und Verständniss für deutsche Musik in England einen Aufschwung genommen haben, welcher der schönen Aufgabe vollkommen gerecht wird, die ich mir beim Beginn meiner Orchester-concerte gestellt habe: Das sind dem Idealgehalt unserer grossen deutschen Meisterwerke vollkommen entsprechende Aufführungen, wie sie unter Hans Richter's Leitung seit 1879 alljährlich in London stattfinden. Wie begründet meine Ueberzeugung ist, hat mir sowohl der dauernde Erfolg meiner Concerte bestätigt, als der Enthusiasmus, mit welchem vor zwei Jahren die deutsche Oper bewillkommet wurde; (erstmalige Aufführung Wagner's Meistersinger, Tristan und Isolde in England) ein Unternehmen, welches in dem Sinne, wie ich es aufgefasst und durchgeführt habe, für den Bestand derselben in London von so hoher Bedeutung geworden ist, dass ihr für die Zukunft ein höchst ehrenvoller Platz gesichert ist.

Die deutsche Oper hat im Herzen des englischen kunsttinnigen Publikums—Dank dem wahrhaft genialen Dirigenten Hans Richter in Vereinigung mit den hervorragenden Leistungen unserer Künstler—ihren Ehrenplatz gewonnen; diesen ihr zu erhalten, erachte ich jetzt für eine gebotene Aufgabe. Zu dem ferneren Gedeihen unseres Kunstinstitutes habe ich das beste Vertrauen; denn waren bisher auf der englischen Bühne vorwiegend romanische Tondichter cultivirt worden, so sind doch geistiges Wesen und Character der englischen Nation vorwiegend germanisch; diese Verwandtschaft hat sich schon oft bewährt, wo reif durchdachte Auffassung in der Kunst zur Geltung kam, und das Verständniss, welches für den Rang unserer Tondichter bei dem Publikum der Richter-Concerte sich kund gibt, wird denselben in Zukunft auch auf der Bühne für ihre Musikdramen eingeräumt werden, wo bisher das Ohr gewöhnt war, italienische Gesangkunst zu bewundern, oder sich an französischen Mustern zu erfreuen. Dass die natürliche Begabung und das musikalische Temperament der Engländer in Wirklichkeit vorwiegend mit deutschem Empfinden harmonirt, ist noch darin zu erkennen, dass die hervorragendsten englischen Componisten im Sinne deutscher Vorbilder arbeiteten; daher werde ich stetig bemüht sein, derartige Werke in guter deutscher Uebersetzung in das Repertoire mit einzureihen. Eine höchst ehrenvolle und erfreuliche Anerkennung für mein beharrliches Streben und Arbeiten für Förderung deutscher Kunst in England ist mir durch das Vertrauen zu Theil geworden, welches mir Kunstfreunde und Gönner beweisen, indem sie mir zur Realisirung des besprochenen Unternehmens einen Garantiefond zur Verfügung stellen. Der Dirigent dieser Aufführungen wird der K. K. Hofkapellmeister Hans Richter sein. Mögen diese Zeilen dazu beitragen, in den deutschen Künstlerkreisen durch Belebung der Sympathien für unsere Bestrebungen, das ist die Hebung des Ansehens der deutschen Oper in England, unser Werk nie zu fördern.

Für die folgende Saison sind zunächst zwölf Vorstellungen classischer Opernwerke von Wagner und anderen Meistern in Aussicht genommen—zur Ehre deutscher Kunst, deutscher Künstler, deutscher Meister! Hochachtungsvoll,

HERMANN FRANKL.

A new opera, *Die Studenten von Salamanca*, was to be produced on the 26th inst. (to-day) at the Stadttheater, Leipsic. The composer is August Bunget, already favourably known for his chamber-music and songs.

A NEW ARRANGER.—The programme opened with the National Anthem, after which the orchestra, which was composed of members of the Surbiton Orchestral Society, under Mr R. S. Hart, organist of St. Andrew's, Surbiton, played *Clemenza di Tito's* arrangement of *Mozart's* overture in a manner that left nothing to be desired, and indeed, their playing was one of the features of the evening.—*Surrey Comet*.

PESTH.—A meeting was held here lately, under the presidency of Count Zichy, with a view to erect a Volkmann Monument over the composer's grave, when it was decided to appeal to the public for subscriptions, which may be forwarded to Gustav Fuchs, Budapest V sas utca, No. 23, or to the Hungarian Bodencredit Institut, also here.

WAIFS.

MARIE KREBS.—*Hoch!* Thou art welcome in these Chopinistic times. Thanks for the "Waldstein"—But why that higgledy-piggledy Schumann, to drive it all out of our heads?

Sir Julius Benedict, we are glad to inform our readers, has recovered from his recent indisposition and will soon be well enough to resume his numerous, arduous, and multifarious professional duties.

Bianca Donadio is now singing in Lisbon.

The Teatro Pagliano, Florence, is again closed.

Ambroise Thomas has almost recovered from his recent illness.

Faure has had an attack of bronchitis, but is now convalescent.

C. Gomez's opera, *Salvator Rosa*, has been performed in Padua.

Ovide Musin, the Belgian violinist, has been playing in Boston, U.S.

Frapolli, the tenor, has cancelled his engagement at the San Carlo, Naples.

F. Merelli, the well-known impresario, has returned from Germany to Milan.

Levy, the cornet-player, is said to intend publishing his autobiography.

Prévost, the tenor, has returned to Paris from Bucharest, where he did not please.

Verdi left Milan on the 17th inst. for Genoa, where he will spend the rest of the winter.

No opera by Rossini was given on the opening night this season at any theatre in Italy.

Carlotta Desvignes, mezzo-soprano, is at Monte Carlo, where she is engaged for two months.

Joseffy, the pianist, has been seriously ill, but according to the latest reports is now recovering.

Anton Dvorak will visit England in the spring, and conduct a performance of his *Stabat Mater*.

Borghi-Mamò and Gayarre have appeared together in *Lucrezia Borgia* at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

M. Thaon, conductor at the Theatre, Bayonne, has written the music of an opera entitled *Dante*.

Campobello, the baritone, has joined Miss Emma Abbot's company, now on a tour in America.

"Mario," a reminiscence, by Frederick F. Buffen, will appear in the next number of *Tinsley's Magazine*.

The violinist, Frontali, has been appointed professor of his instrument in the Liceo Musicale Rossini, Pesaro.

A performance of Gounod's *Redemption* was recently given by the pupils of the Liceo Musicale Rossini, Pesaro.

It is said that Carlotta Patti, under the direction of Max Strakosch, will revisit America in the spring.

Marianne Brandt has been singing at the Stadttheater, Lubeck. She was much applauded, especially as Leonore.

According to report, Anton Rubinstein will visit America next year and receive 1,000 dols. every time he plays.

Virginia Ferni has appeared successfully at the Italian Opera, St Petersburg, as the heroine of G. Bizet's *Carmen*.

The first performance of Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* at the Italian Opera, St Petersburg, is fixed for the 2nd February.

A new one-act comic opera, *Heine der Steier*, music by Bachrich, has been accepted at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Sakuntala, new opera, book and music by F. Weingartner, will shortly be produced at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar.

Casanova-de-Cepeda is engaged at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona, where she will make her first appearance in *Robert le Diable*.

A Church Choir for the performance of vocal sacred music, under the direction of Dr von Jan, has been formed in Strassburg.

Bianca Bianchi will probably sing in April at the Teatro della Fenice, Venice, which will be taken for her by Sig. F. Merelli.

Von Suppé's *Afrikanreise*, with Marie Geisteringer in the leading character, has proved attractive at the Thalia Theatre, New York.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, *The Princess*, will be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on or about February 4th.

The New York Beethoven Männerchor have applied for permission to erect a statue to the above-named great composer in Central Park.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* is to be given in Madrid, with a cast including Theodorini, Mazzoli-Orsini, Borghi, Masini, Battistini, and Nannetti.

The Duke of Coburg has conferred the Saxe-Ernest Order, first class, on Herr Fuder, Director of the Royal Conservatory, Dresden.

The Dornhecter Vocal Association, Stralsund, gave at their first grand concert a highly satisfactory performance of Haydn's *Seasons*.

A Swedish version of Andreas Hallén's opera, *Harald der Wicking*, will probably be produced towards the end of the month in Stockholm.

Gericke, late of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, succeeds Georg Henschel as conductor of the Boston (U.S.) Symphony Orchestra.

Milliet, the librettist of Massenet's *Hérodiade*, has written a new libretto, *Mazeppa*, which is being set by the young Belgian composer, Léon Dubois.

Miss Maud Powell, the young American violinist, played, by special request, to the Princess Louise at Kensington Palace on January the 4th.

The San Carlo, Naples, has been temporarily closed in consequence of the illness of some of the leading members of the company, and of the conductor, Kuon.

It is said that, on the expiration of his engagement at the Teatro Real, Madrid, Masini was re-engaged for twenty additional nights, at 5,000 francs a night.

While travelling lately by rail, Theodore Thomas and his Orchestra were snowed up for a whole day in their train, two miles from Rockford, Illinois.

Signora Singer, having cancelled her engagement at the Liceo, Barcelona, has been singing as Aida, in Verdi's opera of that name, at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

Maurice Grau's French Opera Company have, after a long tour, returned to New York, where they inaugurated a new season with *La Fille de Madame Angot*.

Mr William Henry Bateman, C.C., of the Guildhall School of Music, was, on Monday, unanimously elected chairman of the Corporation Music Committee.

Minnie Hauk has returned to New York for a short rest after an extraordinarily successful tour of ten weeks, during which she sang at 49 concerts and took 31,000 dols.

Two theatres, the Costanzi and Argentin, are now open in Rome for regular opera, and five, the Umberto, Quirino, Manzoni, Metastasio, and Goldoni, for buffo opera.

Considerable alarm was recently occasioned during a performance at the Teatro Doria, Genoa, by some of the scenery catching fire, but luckily the flames were soon extinguished without doing much mischief.

It is said that Sucher, now conductor at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, is engaged in the same capacity at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, in place of Herr Gericke, who leaves. Mme Sucher, also, is said to be engaged.

It is asserted that there are already eleven applicants for the direction of the Metropolitan Operahouse, New York, next season, among them being Mr Mapleson, Mr Charles Mapleson, J. H. Haverly, Maurice Grau, and Campanini.

The *St Louis Critic* is responsible for the following: "So, your husband is a critic? Now, tell me, does he always write just what he thinks about a play? 'O, dear, no! It wouldn't do. His paper goes into the best families, and profanity is out of the question.'"

SIR E. BECKETT, BART., Q.C., ON THE EVOLUTION OF THE WORLD.—A large meeting was held on Monday, January 21, by the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, 7, Adelphi Terrace,—a society consisting of home, colonial, and foreign members, founded to investigate all scientific questions, especially any said to militate against the truth of the Bible—the paper of the evening was read by Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., Q.C. In it he, as a scientific man, described, in popular language, the laws of nature, reviewing the steps in the progress of scientific research recently made in various countries, and showing how they bore on the question,—Is all creation, in its perfect arrangement, its beauty and grandeur, self-evolved, as some assert; or are we not compelled, after patient investigation of its many departments, to confess that there is something beyond, which, we are forced to recognize, evidences the existence of one great, all-controlling, wise Mind? An interesting discussion ensued;—A considerable number of home and foreign applications to join the Institute were announced, raising its total strength to considerably over a thousand, and it was stated that in addition to the very large number of foreign and colonial libraries purchasing its Transactions, it now exchanged them with leading London learned societies, whose members—whether in its ranks or not—rendered aid in its work.

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